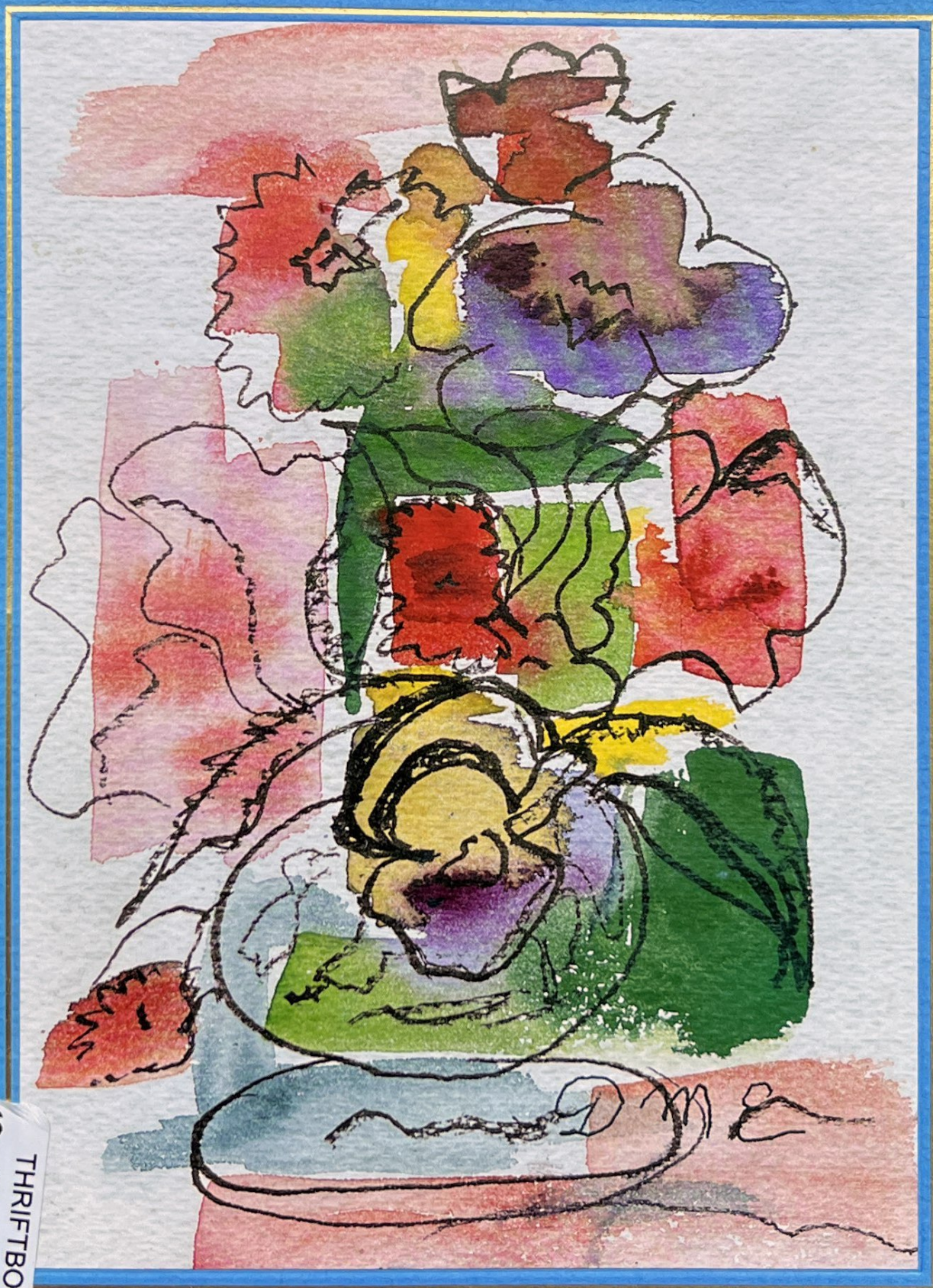


# *blue running lights*



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David Eberhardt



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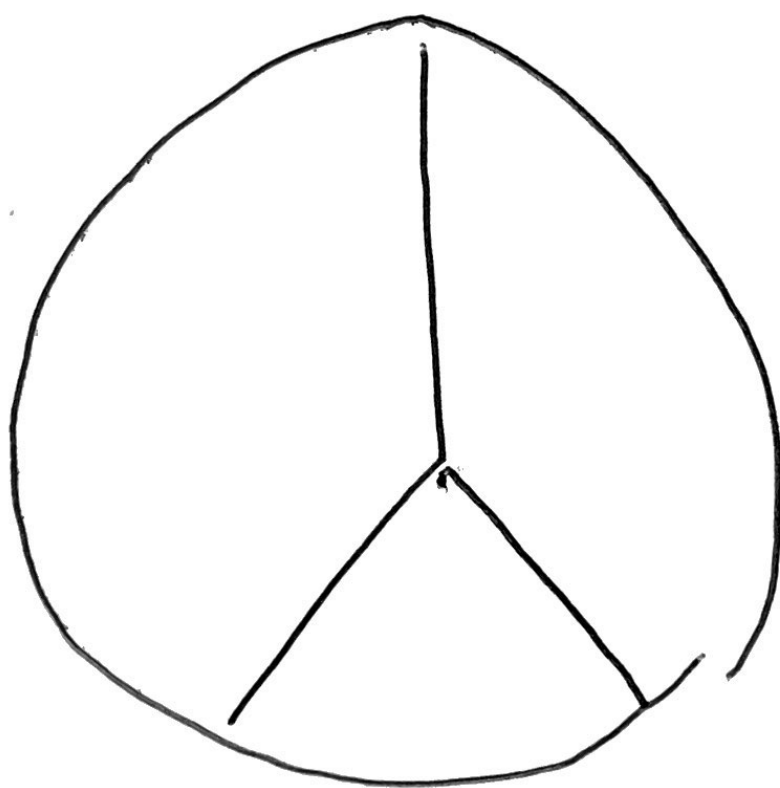
Drive - an

object of

desire - & to

supports Women's  
Lib !!

# *blue running lights*



David Eberhardt

Dave E

Abecedarian Books  
Baldwin, Maryland

*blue running lights*  
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ALAN C. REESE, AND JOSEPH SMITH.

Alternate Titles:

*Nights in the Cloud Forest*

*The Properties of Wind*

*Dynamics in Rachmaninoff*

*We Live on the Night Ocean*

*Place Names*



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PREAMBLE, SELMA, ALABAMA,  
CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT

*homage to Wallace Stevens*

Police cannot become, there are  
Aubades then just a pause  
For hope, it's  
Filled in by their badge,  
A kind of ache, a silver ruse.  
The dawn  
So full of grainy light, its  
Flux of light like marl-  
A dream of bits and pieces,  
Swims under "the law," is gone.  
Then it's daylight clear.  
"Here comes the law."  
The cops, who always "are"  
Never "appear;"  
The ideals  
Behind your protest may seem real...  
Cops ARE!

## POSSIBLY POLITICAL POEM

“Little America”  
Salt Lake  
For the Mormons  
Was “the place,”  
Now, not far past  
Is Barry’s Amoco/ “Little America”  
With  
35 pumps, maybe  
The world’s largest  
Gas station?



## DEMONSTRATION FOR AMERICANS

*In memory: Phil Berrigan*

Settlers,  
A bright compost  
Like must or  
Haze from gaps,  
Frost on lichens.  
They've got the  
Knack of  
Running away  
And starting over,  
They leave so often  
(For the mountains)  
It's hard  
To get to know them.

Still, we'll  
Pin down the best in them.

## ANTI-WAR POEMS

*Dedicated to Jonah House*

1 O Lord give us  
Loose clothes,  
Peace in the  
Body,  
In the  
Snake brain, the  
Horse one and especially  
The “human,” its  
Electrical storms under  
The skull tops, goddamn they  
Go zizzing too!

2 Army relies on  
Machines to  
Replace man as in  
Westmoreland address to the Congress ('69).

The old cavalry  
Helicoptered or  
Drone planed out of  
Existence.

Makes it  
Easy on  
Conscience.  
All you do is  
Push buttons.

*(in a jaunty Kiplingnesque style)*

After Vietnam, our wars'll be squeaky clean, boys  
And, sadly, girls- you won't have to break a sweat.  
You won't miss a meal; it'll be so surgical,



And only the lower class will be fighting.

3 Yes, Americans  
Can be  
Cynical, human  
Beings can be, see  
Each other as  
Role plays, not as  
Humans, we  
“Have withdrawn from bonds  
To the human community.”

4 Long time in peace movement  
Finding no peace only mucho  
Problems, always  
The egos, the wildness  
Of a beast not to be tamed,  
Too often  
Tamed by corporate  
Format or grid layout  
With boxes labeled “VP” or  
“Fiscal” or “Procurement”  
Laid out under each other  
Box to box  
With lines drawn to show  
Hierarchy and boss pattern  
Where everyone “fits.”

And yet there are  
“Plowshares” actions-  
Attacks against  
Aegis battleships  
At Bath Iron Works  
Or versus “warthog” A-10s at  
Martin Marietta- a demo there-

Max, Dan, and  
Elizabeth- some poured blood..  
Berrigans bit by bit building  
A movement...

5 More peace in  
Bodies touching than  
Most peace work (Air  
Force not included  
As peace work as in  
Bull shit slogan:  
"Peace is Our Profession");  
Peace a lot in  
Land curves like  
Shell Rock  
State Park as of  
Evenings (the cedars  
I didn't expect  
To find here in Iowa).

NOV. 15, '69 MARCH ON WASHINGTON- "STOP THE  
WAR, STOP THE DEATH MACHINE"

*(as "marshalls" we had trained and stayed overnight in a church)*

4th & D streets, & get that for the driver ...  
Plus specifics re non-violence  
That the "new mobe" provides you;  
In front of the White House, flood lights set there  
So bright as to blind.

Clasp the event shut as they used to hold lockets  
Enameled like church stained glass, dark green,  
Gold, say,  
Or blue and dark purple, angels,  
Wings with flame colored hinges.

Why do some trees have leaves now, others not?  
Who makes that decision? mind wanders  
At meetings. Could we, unlike our  
Fathers and mothers, be honest?  
Perfect as Krishna always choosing  
The alternate route that stops trouble?

Front and center- youth, we (you)  
Are leaving, always leaving, Capitol  
Will leave too tho' it seems solid enough  
And U.S. will, to drum cadence, like a Kennedy.  
Look ahead- yr. own funeral!

You fade out in the vein mesh  
Leaf din of November,  
Your funeral to the  
Music you chose:  
Hymns  
149, 81,

But for now-  
How lights hang from a roof, how a woman's  
Hair sizzles in stained glass light, how they train you  
With grace in non-violence at the Ebenezer  
Methodist Church, 4th & D streets.

Some learned  
Just to be able to start, to be able to finish.



## CHERRY SODA

*from Lewisburg Federal Prison*

Beating off “in  
The teeth” of my  
“Masters” in their  
Guard towers (they can’t  
See me through  
The leaves where I’ve climbed  
Up a cherry tree, the  
White gobs gouting  
Out like pits after  
You’ve eaten, furry red  
And I cum easy like I  
Eat, shit or bleed...  
Go fuck others  
Clouds all noble  
Overhead in white bulbs  
But maybe  
When in prison  
Fuck yrself?  
Says the bark,  
Copper purple,  
The wind spans, slaps,  
Tugs at me, I  
Spit pits free and  
My eyes glaze  
Adding my fizz  
To the tree fizz.

## BLUE HAIR

*to L from Lewisburg Federal Prison*

I want to see  
How your face changes  
When you cum.  
What are we  
Put on earth for?  
When you bend over,  
Your breasts blade  
More real than the Alleghenies  
We kept watching  
From our cells,  
Couldn't reach them!

The state evaporates  
As you approach, but it  
Keeps us here! We  
Dream/walk towards  
Mountains 'til they form rare  
Thighs, faces and blue hair.

## PSALM

*from Lewisburg Federal Prison*

Somewhere the poise  
In a stone  
Might feed the poor,  
In that  
Wealth distributed  
Equally...  
But not here.

Somewhere blood jasper,  
Moss agate (stones you can  
Find on the beach)  
Comfort like money and  
There's nothing  
But justice, no  
Work nor person  
Better.

Watch how  
Clouds settle towards evening  
And rose coats them  
And they fire and bloom  
Like scenes in sliced jade.  
There is truth-beauty-justice.  
Here we settle for law,  
i.e. injustice.

## INSCRIBED STELA ON TENOCHTITLAN SQUARE (the Zocalo), MEXICO CITY

*The following is inscribed on a giant slab on the Plaza of Three Cultures. It commemorates protestors who were murdered there by troops. The protesters had been opposed to the take-over of the National University by soldiers of the Mexican government just prior to the 1968 Olympics.*

“These are the friends who fell Oct. 1968 on this square:”

The names follow.

“And many other friends whose names and ages we do not know.”

This is a translation of the poem:

“Who?

The next day no one remembered any of them!

When the next day came, the square was clean.

The main news in the papers was the weather.

On TV, on radio, in the movies there were no changes in program.

No announcements in between programs.

Not a minute of silence at the banquet.

(But the banquet proceeded).”

Coda, added by D E:

In 2002, new photos come to light-

Portray obvious/student dead, still no prosecution-

400 dead, media remaining silent.

Upon the skull rack that is Mexico,

The Chac Mool\* of sacrifice still sits.

Vincente Fox who is the latest tool

Doles out the latest capitalist shit!

\* Mayan sculpture with bowl for hearts of the sacrificed

PERIOD PIECE, A HOLESOME POEM, RECIPE,  
AUBADE, SWIMMING YOUR BLACK POOL

Lemmee stay in your black crotch, in the  
Rawness each month, my nose in  
Your flower, keep my tongue in  
Your soft ears, salt marsh-  
Peat bog strong enough to  
Preserve corpses, the  
Between-your-legs tender  
As coasts  
Where the changes take place; sea meets land!  
Estuarial tide pools of brine wrack,  
Sea logs, star fish mouldering, kelp beds.  
I dredge grease  
With my pole like when pa gutted mackerel  
On the oar thwarts, ranks of mussel  
In the black  
Of your hair pool and hair pie, me gobbling  
It all in...linseed oil,  
Blood and cooking, olive oil,  
The cobweb that fills up a wound.  
Anointed I am for the day in your oil,  
As painters clear brushes I step  
From you enrobed in your purple;  
Your black hairs sprout out of my mouth!



## HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY

*overlooking the James River, Richmond, Va.  
city of Poe, endlessly burning*

Past China St., Pine, on Oregon Hill,  
(It's not California, but it might as well be),  
Ospreys fly up out of cypress like redwoods,  
Pure white wisteria against violet porches,  
Louisiana, Gulf cities, and porches forever.

The confederacy's gone down, defeated again;  
Beyond Belle Island the city's still burning.  
My actress mother\* buried in disgrace;  
Theatre burns, they replace it: a church,  
Church burns, back comes the theatre;  
All of them burn and all the people in them.

Still the river flows by Belle Island  
In its marcel waves and ash brown braids;  
At the foot of the cemetery where the "famous" have markers;  
The river licks burning, towers never stop rising  
Then falling back in the flames of the theatre.

Funerals wind into tighter, tighter spaces.  
"I had not thought death unravelled so many faces."\*\*  
Until the stones start repeating themselves.  
"A star sets, rises on the other shore,"  
Like to see you again, babe, but it's nevermore,  
"At rest until resurrection and reunion,"  
"Til the dawn breaks and the shadows flee,"  
May the woman I loved so remember me.

\*Edgar Allan Poe

\*\*Dante quoted by Eliot

JUNE, JANE, JEAN (*a lover's quarrel*)

*trying for more lightness but still too heavy,  
maybe in July shoot off some sparklers*

You lean down from your horse, crush sage in your fingers.  
Meanwhile I'm floating just ahead of the storm in my rainbow  
Balloon, one fat rib of it purple,  
One light blue, one dark blue, and one violet...  
But, "Let's watch out, we're drifting too low  
Towards the power lines!!" (We ought to cast  
High towards the dangerous  
Power lines-  
Which pop, snap, and hum where the buzzards sit)  
Rise above them!!  
And our petty differences...  
If we want to continue.

Propane huffs up into the balloon sacks  
(Like Darth Vader breathing, only mellower)...  
And I ride out the storm,  
Then put down, wait the storm out, meanwhile  
You've gone back to the house to squish bay leaves  
For perfume.

After the rain, evenings, the fireflies go "bleet, bleet."  
'Til night's studded with basilisk eyes like  
Those stars in the poem throw their swords down...  
They're all over the place like heat lightning.  
In your tropics they take over whole trees 'til they glisten throb  
Like house lights douse on and off when  
The flash hits the juice....  
Maybe we were  
Such "an item"? But...

We didn't  
Stay together very long.  
And Jane says,  
About fireflies:  
"It was cruel when,  
We were kids,  
Pulled their tails off  
To make bracelets."

They glew  
Like a few  
Star  
Wars!

## DEDEDEDEDEDEDEDE DEATH

*to Eddy & Sissy & Gabby & Guggums, the Poes,  
the Rosettis and all that buried life*

Me following women up to the grave,  
Me and Rosetti, but not Edvard Munch.  
Your hair after you died had filled the coffin,  
As if it had rooted, it began to grow,  
This time the dark warm under it though  
Was not your mouth or cunt... but even so...  
Rosetti crowd, whimpering, bound to be  
Part of the wind forever, unquiet,  
Pent up for dissembling.  
I want to be honest.

Give up your secrets before the end!  
Or find yourself unlived. Dishonesty  
Collects in graveyards: on one stone:  
"Unrevealed to self, let alone others,  
Now no place left to turn," or,  
"Refused masturbation"... "Too much chloral"...  
Not that I'm any better!  
Boaahwahahahmahwmmmmmmmmmmmm;  
Chinese gong hit opening up  
Lanes to the land of the dead.  
I have been here before  
Horns "off stage, wie die ferne."  
"Ich bin schauernd," shuddering  
To see striding towards me out of the yews,  
Steady hovering just a little over the ground  
Approaching through an old cemetery preserved in the city,  
Itself a city, no more tomb room,  
An old angel, you know which, with the skull.

Horror of breathing, of  
Not coming back ever!

## PLAIN SPOKEN POEM

*sort of a villanelle (male to female)*

Underneath it all I realize, I'm afraid!  
You? you want to incorporate me, go on tingling forever...  
It seems your genitals are more complex and delighted?

I worry a lot, e.g. driving along,  
I'll wonder what if my brakes fail,  
How best cushion the blow, on that guard rail?

I worry a lot, I worry some more.  
Most of the time just wish I had it made.  
Underneath it all I realize, I'm afraid.

I hate it when we finish fucking,  
Especially if I've reached far down to cum,  
Now that the lust's gone, guess what starts filling the hole?

More lust, yes, but also the anger, the sadness.  
Then comes old age- death at the core.  
I worry a lot, I worry some more.

Sometimes I arrive at my/our own deepest cumming.  
Something says, open the door, open the door!  
I worry a lot, I worry some more.

Who's calling? For an instant there's calm, then  
They start over: Mr. Fear, Mr. Loss, but where's Mr. Find!?  
See why I fear fucking, fear getting laid?  
I realize underneath it all I'm afraid.



## ANOTHER POEM WITH VIOLENCE IN IT

She stands at the ready to one side;  
She holds a knife who used to be my bride,  
Wonders, so this is what men do to men?  
I push him to the floor  
Who was fucking her so hard before.  
(I heard them all the way up the stairs...)  
(I planned to be there, waited at the door....)  
(I like the pain, I want some more...)

Shift scene, cross-cut, I'm running in the woods again.  
It's autumn or spring. Oh, isn't it always?  
The sky all gorn\*, the trees bleed purple jealousy.  
The falling leaves or budlets asking, who-who-who (*read  
tapering off*)  
The stupid, bullshit thunder clouds black blue-blue-blue...

\* I made up a word like Wallace Stevens.

## THE DIVORCE

The partner just right for you  
Just passed you in the supermarket;  
You didn't get to meet him/her tho'...  
S/he was a couple of aisles over.  
All I wanted was a "rock and roller,"  
A blithe spirit, could get into  
Fantasies, just a bit moist  
Like fresh coffee or driving  
Straight thru' to Florida,  
That avenue of cedars just before Savannah  
Down 95, then the  
Long tidal marsh part,  
River refineries,  
Stacks lit up like Christmas;  
("That bride lady's  
Dead, Mistuh Dave"),  
On a more positive note  
I remember  
Hitting this stretch  
Before dawn, in blue grey,  
Wife and son, a fine milk smell  
Like cedar drawers inside.

## CALVARY

Sometimes the faces  
Of the women I'm close to  
Seem like saviors:  
Mom, wife, others, Sophie Scholl\*  
With her brother  
Before their arrest,  
Tossing leaflets  
Into the lobby, faces remind me  
Of evenings and purpose-  
Passing through the "quads"  
Between dorms at Oberlin  
College - learning/home/haven:  
Supper spoons tinkling...  
To the library at night  
Surrounded,  
By blue elms; or going  
To Dr. Borngiorno's  
Dante class...

They remind me of Scotland  
Or Denver  
That great wall  
Of mountains,  
After the long plains, a promise:  
Sarah-Canaan  
Of oceans to come,  
Of white roses,  
The road climbing, it gets cooler.

Their warm bush of furze under grey wool,  
O let's make it plaid,  
Mendelssohnian heather.  
Violet tines of the thistles

We grew up with  
In Vermont the gold finches  
Among them.

The faces of women  
In a room by the piano  
Keyboards,  
Leading me forward, snapping  
Beside me, bright guidons.

\*member of the "White Rose" peace group, arrested by the Gestapo in 1943 for  
leafleting at the University, guillotined soon thereafter .

## LIKE A STEADY SENSE OF SHINING

My lover approaches  
Kind of a  
Eastern woods  
Butterfly,  
A Buckeye,  
A meister, e.g.  
Texture de meerschaume,  
Wings the color of  
Dusk in limes,  
In cocoa,  
Somehow brushy and  
Bushy,  
Wings flopping  
Invitational,  
Mahogany burnished,  
A roan color  
With great blue spots  
Jupitorius,  
Atmospherically,  
Changing color like breathing  
From dusk blue to light purple

I am deeply  
Moved how your  
Cunt seats  
Just a pinch but  
So deeply,  
Hung  
Like a bell,  
Breasts deep also,  
Tilting forward  
Quite a little.

Now I'm walking  
In pine woods  
Silver before  
Spring  
That old shed smell.  
The butterfly  
Another brand new lover,  
Like that trail head  
Down into  
Haleakela crater, or  
On its ridge,  
Silerswords, past  
Timberline, cloud line even,  
Then the descending  
Switchbacks,  
Just that bright,  
And that cold.



## LOVE THAT DOESN'T WORK OUT

At the singles dances,  
I think, sagely,  
"Your mom wants you Erin."  
Heather prefers to  
Dance alone to the reggae,

I escape by thinking  
Of Lake Maninjou,  
Sumatra, where rice terraces  
Come down to the water.

Dancing with  
Miss difficult Ireland,  
She will tell me  
Who she is but only  
Once she's gone!

Smear  
Your blood on my face then,  
Whisper why you can't cum,  
How it stings..  
And say... "I'm  
Holding it back"  
Meaning love?

"Love" might be falling  
In love with an image of  
Self, when the self changes  
The love must!  
So in a way it  
Doesn't matter  
If you leave me.  
You, green wave,

Sheer wave.

(O, I always knew you  
Were “holding it back” and  
Instead of cumming  
You’d weep.

I hold back too much  
myself!)

## TO C

Didn't you know I'd stand beside you for the dance  
And you'd come halfway to meet me?  
Afterward on the ride home:  
Sun in the tulip poplar cuplets,  
Bottom lands we rode through  
On Sundays, hymnals we sang from,  
Long grace of summer pouring down  
Over us like a meal, like gravy...  
Warm must of summer,  
Gravy of home outside of Olathe,  
Osage City,  
Outside Gardner, Kansas...to Cathy.

## KLUANE RANGE

*a husband and wife, one a pilot*

Nights shimmying  
Behind each other  
Into the sleep hole,  
Homecoming, we  
Curry each other,  
We give each other  
Direction  
To moor to  
As moss grows  
On north sides  
Of trees. Lying  
Spoon fashion  
Behind you or  
Vice versa

Crowds of waves  
Follow each other on  
Planets almost  
Wholly ocean...

We return home from  
Deep space to  
The home planet called  
“Glow worm”...  
Emerald grids  
Of its cities  
At the harbors...

Then we tether  
In the cool  
Of our shoulders,

## JAMAICA

*a National Geographic Poem-  
my offering*

Great boas hammer on  
Stupendous sidings, choosing  
To punch out each skin panel  
'til it's purple and gold  
Like scenes on bead purses,  
Then move on sloughing hide  
'til it dries up and crinkles  
Into dust at the hinges  
Since they choose to, we all  
Choose to be where we are, in a way.  
You there, me leaving  
This poem like stones  
Piled into a cairn on the path...

I've chosen Manado, Grenada  
In blue din of spice warehouses  
Crushing nutmeg, stripping  
Web off the mace.

I choose a flower shed inside with  
Bark mix and humus and  
Ginger for weeping, orchids,  
Staghorn, palest plumbago,  
Morning glories all over—the blue ones;  
Lobelia “crystal palace,”

And for hunger Christophene squash,  
Soursops “mon,” hands bananas,  
Plaintain foo foo, goon goo peas.

## TWO ZEN POEMS

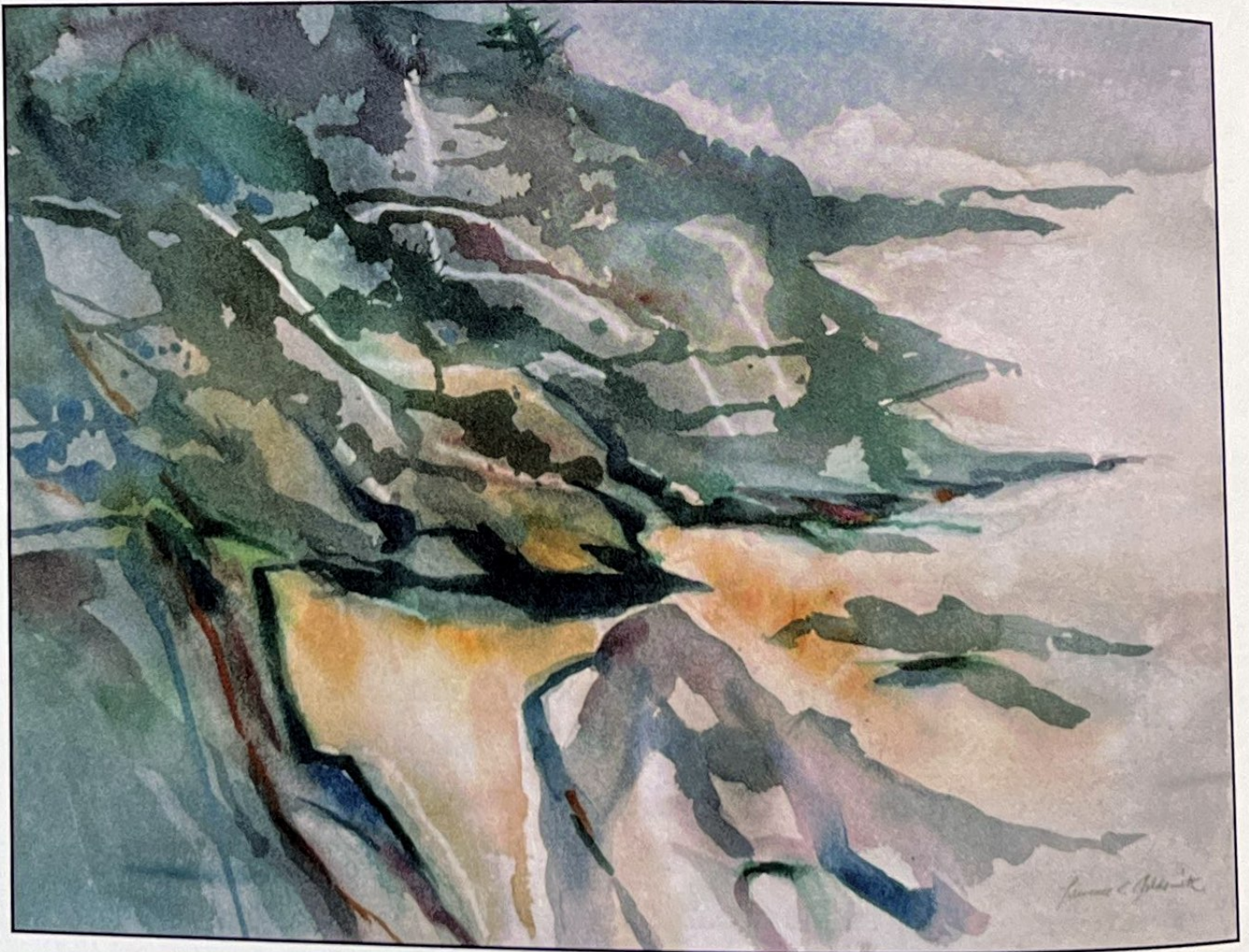
1.  
So much bright movement  
On the trail this morning...  
“Chuff, chuff,” Ti-  
betan ground squirrels, eagles  
Turning in spirals  
Up cliff walls, lammageirs  
Spinning on up  
Ice faces  
Like prayer wheels and  
Wind snapping  
Prayer flags.  
Far below  
River  
Living its lives  
On the way down, us  
Following  
Switchbacks  
All the way up alongside  
The Suli Gad  
Towards  
The white-blue mass  
World roof  
Perfection –  
Anna Purna,  
Nanda Devi,  
Saying  
The sutra:  
“Diamond mountain,” saying,  
The zen koan:  
“So many rivers  
To choose from...  
One disappears in

Mid air," "What  
River  
Falls so deep it  
Turns to  
Mist before  
Hitting  
The bottom?"

## 2. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Why should steps down to the water  
Mean anything? What's the  
"Gate without shadows"?  
Odor of water, of  
Memory, for-  
getting, "ver-  
gissen"...  
The answer  
Is the daughter: Mnemosyne,  
Goddess  
Of memory, waker  
Of longing, yes, but also  
Consoling  
Sweeping up like a broom.  
Thankfully,  
You forget everything:  
Childhood,  
The night ocean,  
Blue lights running.





"Sharp Edges," Lawrence Goldsmith



## NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SPECIAL

*a courtship poem*

Someone kept watering the petunias  
On the glassed in front porch  
Of the summer house (but  
It was fall- no one there!)  
'til they shone like pink  
Beacons on Monhegan  
In the fog weeks when the horn's  
On all the time telling  
'bout rock ledges and waves  
And blue spruce keep  
Crusting and breaking.

Our love could grow like that....

Bantams screech after  
Waialeale Forest storms,  
Sharp orange,  
Gleaming rust with red wattles,  
They display their chrome bibs.

And so I have showed off....

We follow shamans to  
The stone wheels high up  
In the Sawtooths, the Siskiyous;  
We watch daggers  
Of sun sink down a cliff face  
At solstice, sink into  
The spiral we carved there  
Beyond First Mesa, beyond Taos...

I stand in awe of the other....

How you painted suns onto  
Your face for the corn  
Celebration, how you adjusted  
Your head band, that one dance  
“Of the women” (only they  
Know your true name)  
But I know it!

## THE LAWERI

*after the film Close Encounters*

All your memories  
(When you die  
They'll go with you),  
But, at least  
Laweri  
Will still,  
Rise up nights,  
From great depths,  
Glowing  
In round schools  
Like galaxies –  
Luminous  
Shelves of them –  
Platinum  
Doilies,  
Up through the  
Obsidian  
Waters  
Off Banda.





*"Beyond Taos," Ouray Meyers*



## FALL ASPENS

*in memory, Carl Sagan*

The Allen  
Telescope array  
Or dish antennas at  
Goldstone,  
Arecibo  
Patiently listening  
For that first noise  
From/of others  
In the universe...  
We are hopeful.

We could broadcast a  
Statement sharp yellow-  
Fall aspens  
Quaking  
The North Rim  
Of the Canyon along  
Bright Angel  
Trail-  
Heraldic,  
Resounding,

Like elks bugling  
Marcato in  
Fall aspens  
Up past  
Durango.

## DIRGE/REQUIEM FOR THE MONTEVERDE GOLDEN TOAD

The gold-tangerine toads of Monte Verde, Costa Rica are extinct. One day, our guide, Adrian, noticed they were gone. He had kept a few for display in a terrarium and had noticed them underfoot out on the trails, but no more! Like canaries in a mine, these little harbingers of disaster and global warming to come had gone.

A number of causes were possible, from loss of habitat to disease due to ultra-violet rays and the loss of the ozone layer. High on this spine of mountains, Adrian had witnessed a "speciesscide," murder at our hands.

Light is still moist and velvety as it is near oceans and coasts because of reflection off the water. Here it reflects off the clouds. Everything glows all the more.

The deep purple, saber wing hummingbirds still hover near the feeders put out for the tourists. Adrian can still take you into the forest and point out the resplendent quetzal with the electric green tail, sacred to the Mayans.

The rain seems constant; the lorikeets still sweep by in it, chattering incessantly like the wind. The neon blue, iridescent morpho butterfly still jukes just out of reach. Tarantulas with their bold red bands still sidle and lope across the road.

The howler monkeys still sleep in their night nests in the puissant rain, more a fine mist than a pelting. At Monte Verde, the nearby volcano of Arenal rumbles ominously. Still, there is the calming, surrounding hiss in the cloud forest- a slight, rushing noise. You and I sleep in it- it holds us like the ocean at night would if we were sailing.

Adrian tells me that he likes to be in the windy places. Like Monte Verde, they mean change, energy. You know us, we won't fix the global warming until it's too late. But, for us, the change is going to be for the worse.

The environmental or green movement needs a quilt like the one woven for AIDS victims-memorializing the disappearing species. each one on a panel. The species "homo sapiens" will have to be added, but there won't be any seamstress to sew us on the quilt!

Luckily, groups like the Earth Liberation Front are trying to protest our suicidal direction. I propose the Monte Verde golden toad as a device for their flag.



# SHORT AND NOT SO SHORT POEMS, PARODIES, FRAGMENTS, DOGGEREL, DRINKING SONGS

## 3 SHORT POEMS

*To Rumi (That Mystic Galoot)*

1. An orange squeaks when you peel it  
What rain means to a tiger.
2. *(after Hart Crane)* Black angus scald in melon fields.
3. Return to desire, that pure well.

## POEM FOUND BY THE DISH MACHINE

"Demand brand  
Halves Alberta  
Cling peaches."

## PARODIES AND DRINKING SONGS

*Stopping at a table late in the party or forgetting where I placed my drink*

Whose drink this is I think I know...  
I left mine on the small table tho',  
After too many it's hard to remember,  
I do not think that he or she will know  
The one whose drink, if not mine, this is;  
Were I to drink it, would they make a scene?  
Not if I wander to the veranda;  
And yet- a winter night- there's snow,  
Soon to the bathroom I will have to go.  
Maybe it's best to drink alone,  
For then, all drinks misplaced yr. own...  
Did Frost drink much? I think I know...  
This drink was mine, I'm sure! I'll make it so.  
Now that I've found a drink, it's sure a shame  
That I've forgotten my own name, etc.

*After Emily Dickinson's "After great pain, a formal feeling comes":*  
After great drink, a formal feeling comes

*Another Dickinson parody: "Further in summer than the grass":*  
Further in marriage than the sex,  
A solitary mister \_\_\_\_\_ (fill in the blank)

*in the manner of a country and western song:*

Your wife's cheatin on us again  
or, Your ex-wife's been cheating on us again  
or, My ex-wife's been cheating on me again in my mind

*after Wm. Wordsworth's "My heart leaps up":*

My heart leaps up when I can see  
When the next time we're getting together will be,  
And what tit size,  
And how unhook, unzip your eyes,  
And how to turn your folds of flesh like leaves,  
And how to put your clit on "seize"  
'til we both buckle, snort out juice  
And make of one another further use...

*after Wm. Blake, "I was angry with my friend":*

I was angry with my friend.  
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.  
The only problem is — my friend  
Did come back in my face again.  
He gave to me of grief no end.  
I "stomped" my friend and then  
His shit with me did finally end.  
But now here come his relatives...it never ends.

## *Afterword: On Poetry*

Poetry? It's as if you were diving around a reef where it drops off and the huge mottled flank of a monstrous creature passes beneath, barely in view. Is it dangerous or gentle? It gives a buzz, a shudder, a feeling of awe—its beautiful spots? You scramble up the side of the boat, and the grizzled veteran guide has dropped an anchor to catch it. "Did you see that?!?"

The chain comes up bit through—and that was a large chain! "Whatever it was, it bit right through it!"

## FENDING OFF DEATH

*"Libera me domine de morte aeterna..."*

If death could be like staying up all night  
Because you need the stars to sail by,  
That would be all right!

Great telescopes prowl down  
Through corridors and shelves of light,  
Sifting the snow mass for keys....

We listen, scratch down through the static for  
(Like pentimento) voices from other galaxies. *They'll know.*  
We wait with radio telescope arrays: blue stars  
Deneb and Spica through the Hubble.  
Goldstone, Arecibo, *we want to know!*

At night we soar out of institutions  
We spent all day building, dreaming.  
I go riding on up the beach with Gauguin into  
His late palette: pinks, greens, blues.  
Or I'm out swimming with reef fish,  
Blue tang, blue wrasse,  
Out over the cauliflower coral heads,

Frangipani blossoms, rainbow kalanchoe's  
Off white petals, color smudged on in  
Pale blues like anise in ouzo;  
Hydrangeas suffused blue as if  
Blushing, ageratum "blue tango,"  
Lobelia "crystal palace,"  
I wish I could tell you how  
The Snow-in-summer trees blooms each year  
In the Melbourne Botanical Garden....  
Beauty is enough....partly....

We burn down through  
Different layers in the ceremony's seeds  
For differing smoke  
'til it rises, rain on roofs, a  
Rare blue melange, like voices singing...  
Looking for answers.

The roads abandoned through woods I explored as a kid in Vermont and would later remember through each bend and where the roads came out but can no longer?, stone walls remembered, the fields I came to, where roads forked,? For a long time these gave me meaning; my brain would retrace these as you keep touching a scar. The memories like icons were enough...I remembered places, I remembered your body as I neared death. Certain landscapes still pop up in the brain...they are replaced by your body.

My death approaches. I dream that I am running from one side of a bridge to the other to watch a boatload of coffins going under, but only one coffin emerges!, mine. Memories still of places now: Hilo, for example, where rain marches punctually on up the volcano into the deep fern and ohia of the national forest, or I remember bits of music...horns sounding off stage.

Every morning in Honolulu Eve laced on her violet running shoes heading out towards Wialae as far as the shopping center and up around the Kaimuki cinder cone and that big bush of yellow bougainvillea growing behind the fire station, then back to the apartment next to mine.

Even then I'd think of death; in the evenings, we'd walk up Analii street, sometimes in the light rain to see the rainbows or giant cloud heads forming up over Pearl Harbor and the city. Everything's going to be all right. That's what mom always said!

Susurrus dove in plumeria,  
Canoe practice on the Alai Wai,  
The minnow bridge, the bridge of sighs,  
The martyrs in the paradise.

## CODA

Lo tho' I walk under  
Death's shadow I  
Might think of  
A gate swinging open-  
The hinge sound  
Like a canyon wren's  
Descending notes:  
"Da dee bee boo." (*read tapering off*)

Or in Death's valley  
I might think of  
Carver's Brew Pub, Durango,  
Colorado with the  
Three special beers,  
One raspberry flavored.

A storm comes down out of  
Las Truchas, "Trout peaks," mixing  
Silvery light with  
Gold buckwheat and pinion,  
Lightning smell, ozone,  
Smell of silver we painted  
On models of "spitfires,"  
When we were kids...  
Sometimes "hellcats,"  
Cutting fine balsa...

Yea tho' I walk closer  
To death every day  
I may think of travelling  
The Pennsylvania turnpike  
At evening, in the

Cuts down through much strata/  
And rock layers  
As the roadbed turns,  
Down through oil soaked stone  
Sometimes blue, sometimes roan.

## CODA 2

Looking out over the Connecticut River into New Hampshire,  
listening to Grandma and wondering:

“If death could be like staying up all night  
To watch the stars, well, or some dark flue  
(Like the “Roaring Spout,” Dark Harbor, Maine-  
The waves boom through)?  
But it’s only my heart (or yours) at night...sometimes lately  
I sense the big “D” coming on,  
(O, I try to treat it lightly)- in my dreams  
I’m back in Vermont, the Lord of all meadows  
A kid with my .22, killing birds  
In the abandoned barns shooting up,  
But in dream the barn’s a shed of glass  
Towering, towering, night rushes  
In when I shoot at the morphos  
That juke down towards me, (I can’t hit them),  
Their wings morph, blue silver  
And the tropical light adds velvet.  
Neon, translucent, they’re crashing,  
Crashing around me in slow motion.

I try to imagine a time when  
We’re not together at night?  
I don’t want to be there!- it’s PITCH BLACK!!  
Like the Connecticut River  
At Black Mountain.

## TWO LATE POEMS

*to Sylvie*

### Jardin sur le Nil

Her sillage, scent sillage,  
Precedes her, firm, clear:  
"Iris naturelle, absolue,"  
Essence of iris obtained  
"From the root not the flower,"  
The Armani "matte," or Hermes-  
"Verouille a tous les etages,"  
And for Ariane I'd add bitter orange,  
An unblemished peel, and green mango,  
Before she comes in the room....and after.

### Epithalmion- to Tony Kushner

You may remember me  
On some rainy, misty morning  
Like hoping for an afterlife...  
Like the old Biblical names  
Came back to us:  
Amaranth,  
Pa....Bethesda-  
Angel of the healing waters,  
Or Moroni pronounced Muh rawn aye-  
Angel of delusion, angel  
On top of  
Disney looking Mormon temple-  
Our lady of the DC Beltway.

Somewhere  
An animal in agony, its bones broken,  
Being dragged to a hidden place



Where it will be eaten- that's  
"Nature's way"- but I like to think on  
How the "body  
Is the garden  
Of the soul"....

## About the Author

David Eberhardt was born in March, 1941. As a peace protester, he was incarcerated at Lewisburg Federal Prison for pouring blood on draft files in 1967 with Father Phil Berrigan and two others to protest the Vietnam war. He has worked in the field of criminal justice since 1974. He is the author of *The Tree Calendar* (Dolphin Moon Press, 1987).